

# The Telegraph.

\$2 per annum.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 11.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 522

## THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY  
T. A. PLANTS & Co.  
No. 3 Third Street, Branch's Brick Building, near  
the Court House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
\$1.50 in advance \$2.00, if paid  
within the year; or \$2.50  
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T. WHITEHEAD, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, 100 Front-street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroys, O.

## Poetry.

### THE BROOK.

BY W. C. EVANS.

A few brief years shall pass away,  
And I, all trembling, and gray,  
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold  
My ashes in the embracing mould:  
If haply the dark wild of fate  
Indulge my life to long a date,  
May come for the last time to look  
Upon my childhood's favorite brook.  
Then daily on my eye shall gleam  
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;  
And faintly on my ear shall fall  
Thy prattling current's merry call:  
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright  
As when thou met'st my infant sight.  
And I shall sleep—and on thy side,  
As ages after ages glide,  
Children their early sports shall try,  
And pause to gaze and wonder why  
The water flows so sweet and clear,  
Gayly shall play and glitter here,  
And young flowers and tender grass  
Thy endless infancy shall pass:  
And, singing, down thy narrow gleam,  
Shall mock the rushing race of men.

### THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark, and dreary.  
Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all—  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

### Examination of Teachers.

At the meeting for examination of Teachers, in Pomeroys, on the 6th inst., the following questions were proposed for written answers:

#### GRAMMAR.

1. What number and person have verbs?
2. With what and in what must pronouns agree?
3. He also was censured. Parse also and tense censured.
4. How do you do, sir? Parse all the words.
5. I intended to have returned earlier. Correct and parse the second verb.
6. They spoke of him as a writer. Parse writer.
7. I may buy a pair of shoes. Correct and parse may buy and new.
8. Being good, and being called good, are different things. Parse the sentence.

#### ARITHMETIC.

1. How many values have figures?
2. What is a compound number?
3. What are the prime factors common to 105 and 231?
4. Why can you not add one-fourth and three-sevenths together without a reduction?
5. Divide 343 millionths by 3 and 43 hundredths?
6. Wishing to obtain from a bank \$500 for 90 days, for what sum must I give my note, discount being 6 per cent?
7. The hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is 100 feet, and the base 60 feet: what is the perpendicular?
8. If a merchant sell his sugar at a certain price per pound he will lose 85; but if he increase the price 3 cents per pound, he will make \$2.50: how many pounds has he?

#### GEOGRAPHY.

1. How far do latitude and longitude extend?
2. In what latitude is Africa?
3. Give your reasons for believing the Earth to be round?
4. Which are the four largest tributaries of the Mississippi river?
5. Bound Pennsylvania and name its capital and metropolis.
6. Why does the Gulf Stream flow northward?
7. Which is the oldest town in Ohio and in what year was it founded?
8. Which is the highest mountain in the United States, east of the Mississippi river?

#### ORTHOGRAPHY.

Capitol; Gingham; Middlesome; Niece; Pagan; Recede; Fledgling; Mortgage. There were fifty candidates, and thirty-four received certificates: 1 for 4 months, 2 for six months, 3 for 9 months, 11 for 12 months, 15 for 15 months, and 2 for 18 months; 16 were rejected.

By order of the Board.  
J. M. EVANS, Clerk.

### How an Ungovernable Temper was Controlled.

Mr. Clayton, author of a book on the Crimean campaign, met in his journey with a strong-minded woman. He says: "We next touched at Malta, taking on board a few fresh passengers in lieu of some we landed there. Among the newcomers was a lady of a most violent temper, so ungovernable that she hated mortally all who did not agree entirely with her ideas upon everything. Her husband informed us that just before his marriage he was warned of the lady's fiery disposition, and to test the accuracy of the information, one evening, as he sat next to her at dinner, he managed cleverly to get the servant's elbow, as a plate of mock turtle soup was offered her, which of course was upset over the young lady's white dress of tulle lace. No complaint, nor even a frown, being evinced, the delighted suitor concluded that what he had heard was a mistake, and that his innamorata had the temper of a lamb who had been fed upon mashed potatoes, and as harmless as water gourd. So the marriage took place; but soon the lady's real character displayed itself, as is always the case after marriage, but never before, and his wife, like a human Stromboli, was subject to fiery eruptions every ten minutes upon an average. "How is it, my dear," said the happy husband, "that having such a bad temper, you stood the ordeal by soup so well?" "Why," answered the lady, "I may have appeared indifferent at the time, but, good heavens! you should have only gone into my room a little while afterward and seen the mark of my teeth on the bed-post!"

## Miscellaneous.

### I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY.

BY W. C. EVANS.

"What is this?" said Mr. Redwood, as, with an indolent, half-indifferent air he took a folded paper from the hand of a boy. The day was Saturday—the hour about noon.  
"Oh yes—I see!" he added a moment afterward. "Very well. Say to Baker I'll call around and pay him. Can't attend to it just now."

Mr. Redwood's fire-proof stood only six feet from the place he was sitting—the door was wide open—the check book in sight—and the balance in bank was just four thousand dollars. It would have taken only a slight effort to have drawn a check for sixty-eight dollars and fourteen cents—the amount of Mr. Baker's bill. But he was in an indolent frame of mind, and it was so much easier to say, "I'll call around and pay," than to rise from his quiet position, and go to all the trouble of writing a check and taking a receipt.

The boy looked disappointed, and lingered a moment.  
"Did you understand me?" said the merchant, speaking rather sharply.  
"Yes, sir; but—"

"But what?"  
"It is Saturday, sir—and—"

"I didn't inquire of you as to the day of the week," was testily answered.

The boy looked half frightened and went off instantly.

"Saturday, indeed!" muttered Mr. Redwood to himself. "A rare piece of information! A bright boy, really. What has Saturday to do with the payment of my shoemaker's bill?"

"Did you get the money from Mr. Redwood?" asked the shoemaker as the boy came in. His face had an anxious look.

"No, sir. He says he'll call around and pay."

"When?"  
"He didn't mention any time," replied the boy.

"Did you tell him that it was Saturday, and I had my workmen and workwomen to pay off?"

"I tried, to sir, but it seemed to make him angry and as he is a good customer—"

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the shoemaker, breaking in upon the boy's words. "Call around and pay! Why didn't he send the money? That would have been easier."

Rising from his bench, the shoemaker went to his little unpainted pine desk, on which was an old square cork inkstand, and the stump of a quill, five inches long, which was dignified by the name of a pen, and took therefrom a package of bills.

He went over them twice before selecting one, for there seemed but little promise for that day in any of them.

"Take this to Mr. Glen," said he to his boy, "and tell him that he will particularly oblige me, if he will let me have the money. Say that I would not trouble him again, but that it is Saturday, and I have my workmen to pay."

The boy was gone nearly half an hour. Mr. Glen's store was in a distant part of the town, though his family, for which Mr. Barker worked, lived in the neighborhood. A dozen times before he came back had the anxious mechanic paused in his work, and fixed his eyes upon the door, hoping for the boy's return. At last he came in.

"Well, Andrew, what success?" He tried to speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Glen, says that he will call around and pay."

The shoemaker's countenance fell. He let his eyes drop to the work in his lap, and bent his face downward, so that his expression might be concealed from the boy.

"Did you say that he would oblige me particularly by settling the bill, as it was Saturday, and I had my workmen to pay?"

"Yes, sir; but he turned off, saying he didn't wish to hear anything more from me."

Barker sighed, and for some moments sat very still upon his bench. Then rising slowly, he referred again to his package of unsettled bills.

"Suppose you try Mr. Wharton again."

The boy shook his head, remarking with some familiarity of manner:

"Poor chance there. He's been going to call around and pay these three months."

"When did you see Mr. Wharton?" asked the shoemaker.

"Last week."

"What did he say?"

"That he would call around."

"Call around! It's only a get-off! I'm out of all patience!" And the perplexed shoemaker grew excited. "They are all eager enough to get their work, and sharp spoken enough if it isn't ready to the minute. But when it comes to paying, the matter is of too little importance to claim their attention. Ah! here is Mayberry's account," he had been running over the bills as he talked. "Didn't he promise to settle to-day?"

"Yes, sir, I think he did," replied the boy.

"Very well. Hurry round to the store, and catch him before he goes to dinner."

The lad started off with his usual alacrity, and Barker sat down again to work and wait.

"No money?" The shoemaker read disappointment in the boy's face.

"No, sir."

"Mr. Mayberry said he had just deposited everything for the day, and that he couldn't draw a check for so small an amount. Would you pay on Monday?"

A thin, pale, weary-looking woman opened the shop door at this moment and came in. She carried a basket on her arm, from which she took a bundle of "uppers" that she had taken to cloak and bind.

"Here is the work, Mr. Barker," she said, in a dejected voice. "I hope you will find it all right. They would have been ready two days ago, but my husband is very sick, and I've had to be up with him all night for three nights."

The shoemaker did not notice the quality of the work, as he took the "uppers" from the woman's basket, and made show of examining them. He was only thinking of the woman's need and her expectations. She had performed her part, but not a single dollar had he in the house, and how was he to perform his part?

"How is your husband to-day?" he asked kindly.

"Not so well," replied the woman; "I've run down for a few minutes, and left him alone quite as much to get the money for the work as to bring it home. The doctor has ordered a little wine, and I must get it for him, if it takes all I have earned this week."

"How much does your work come to?"

"Two dollars," answered the woman. The shoemaker went to his desk, and opening it, took out his little cash box, and made a pretence of disappointment as he turned it toward the woman. It did not contain a single copper. Then he drew forth an old pocket book, and examined every compartment, but with no better success.

"You are a little too early, Mrs. Blythe," said he, smiling, yet gracefully; "a little too early. I haven't received my collections for the day. Shall I send you up the money?"

The woman sighed, and looked very much disappointed.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Blythe—the shoemaker did not manifest the slightest impatience, for he understood the case perfectly—but we find it very hard sometimes, to get in our bills. I've had Andrew running round all the morning, and he hasn't collected a single dollar so far. It is strange how little rich men think of their obligations to us poor mechanics, who live nearly all the while from hand to mouth. If I could always get in my bills, I would be very comfortable. As it is, I am always in trouble about money."

Mrs. Blythe stood very still, and answered not a word. It was hardly possible for her to leave her husband again, without the wine that was to send through all the courses of his blood a quickening spirit. She felt as if this wine was to be to him the very elixir of life; and since it had been mentioned by the doctor, she had seen that her husband's thought was resting upon it, and to go home without it, therefore, was a serious thing, for his condition was one of extreme prostration, and the slightest cause might destroy the even balance of life just attained, and throw a preponderance upon the wrong side.

Slowly, at length she moved toward the door.

"You will send up the money, Mr. Barker, right soon," she said, turning partly around, and looking back at the troubled shoemaker.

"The moment I receive it, Andrew is going out with some bills immediately."

The door opened noiselessly, with noiseless steps a drooping figure went out, and noiselessly the door shut again. The only sense that took record of these circumstances was that of sight.

Mr. Redwood, the merchant, who thought his shoemaker's bill of so little consequence that he would not take the trouble to write a check in order to cancel it, left his store some two hours after the visit of Andrew, and started home to his late dinner. On his way he passed a wine store, and dropped in to order a case of choice Amontillado, the flavor of which he had tried and approved.

"Send it home within an hour. I wish a bottle for my dinner," said Mr. R., as he took out his pocket-book to pay for the wine.

"It shall be done," was the ready answer.

As the merchant replaced his pocket-book, and was buttoning his coat over his breast, a poorly-dressed, worn and feeble-looking woman came into the store, and walked back, with an air of timid irresolution, to where the two men—the wine dealer and the customer—were standing.

"Well, what's wanted?" said the wine dealer, in a short imperative voice.

"My husband is very low, and the doctor has ordered him some wine." The woman said, pleading tone, made it very apparent to the dealer that she came to beg, and not to buy.

"Has he, indeed?" The voice of the wine dealer was half insulting.

"I failed to get money for my work, and I cannot go home without the wine. Oh, sir, if you will trust me for a bottle, I will certainly pay you. The money is earned, and it is promised this afternoon."

The wine merchant laughed sneeringly, as he made answer:

"He won't do my good woman! The trick is too stale."

"But, sir—"

"The urgency of the case made Mrs. Blythe importunate."

"There—there! That will do! Go now!" and the wine merchant waved his hand toward the door impatiently.

Mrs. Blythe turned and went away, not speaking another word. The eyes of Mr. Redwood were on her thin pale face, and he saw there an expression that haunted him, as we are sometimes haunted by a picture for many days afterward.

"A common dodge!" said the wine merchant in a vulgar way, as the woman passed into the street. "If I had given her the bottle of wine, she would have been as drunk as a beast in less than half an hour."

Mr. Redwood, in whose memory that parting look of Mrs. Blythe had lingered,

rethought itself, thought differently; but he gave no utterance to his thoughts.

"That woman's story was a true one," he said to himself, as he passed on his way homeward. "I wish I had asked her residence," and he looked around him, up and down the street, with a kind of vague hope of seeing her. But, already too long away from her exhausted husband, she had hurried back to him with flying feet.

"Oh! Mary," whispered a feeble voice, as she leaned over the bed, how long have you been away! I feel very faint! Have you got the wine?"

Only the bitter wine of sorrow, crushed out from an almost breaking heart, had she brought for her husband, and as a few drops fell upon his face she whispered back huskily:

"Mr. Barker could not pay me for my work. But he will send the money in an hour or two, and then I will get the wine."

A feeble sigh fluttered the breast of the sick man; his lids drooped wearily until the lashes lay in two dark lines upon his bloodless cheeks; while a more death-like hue overspread his countenance.

"Edward! Edward! O, Edward! Husband!"

Slowly the eyes of the sick man opened, but closed again, heavily, without sending forth a beam of intelligence.

The poor man's strength was all gone. Sinking into a chair, she leaned over upon the bed, and laid her face against that of her husband. Its coldness chilled her to her heart. Already the death damps were breaking through the relaxing pores. A moment she tried to arouse herself to a new effort. But hope had died, and the leaden pall of despair was upon her spirit.

"Mrs. Blythe!"

It was the voice of Andrew, the shoemaker's boy.

"Mrs. Blythe!" His hand was upon her arm, but she stirred not.

"Mrs. Blythe, I have brought you the money for your work. And Mr. Barker has sent a bottle of wine for Mr. Blythe."

The voice and words together penetrated the shut door of the woman's senses, and partly arousing herself, she murmured, as a fuller consciousness returned:

"Too late! too late!"

A thrill of horror went through the boy's frame, as bending over, his eyes rested upon the ashen face of a man wearing the ghastly image of death.

How little dreamed the well-to-do merchant of a scene like this, as he sipped his delicately-flavored sherry, and remarked upon its quality. Of a scene like this, which an easy act of justice on his part, in a simple payment of a bill, might have prevented! Once, at the crystal wine holding his glass to the light, the countenance of the poor woman he had seen at the wine merchant's seemed to glare at him, as if reflected from a mirror. But the unpleasant vision faded in a moment. Between the despairing countenance and his failure to pay a trifling bill, he recognized no possible relation of effect and cause. Yet it was even so—the relation did even exist.

Need we give any new shades to our picture—need we turn the kaleidoscope—need we add a word by way of application? What good? The lesson is complete enough, and all additional groupings or colorings would but weaken the morals we seek to enforce.

### Singular Murder.

It seems that murder's red hand is never still. Hardly a week passes now-a-days but we hear of a fatal affair of some kind. We are reliably informed that a murder was committed at Lytleton Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, last Sunday night week. Mrs. Manly, a widow woman, resides with her two sons near Lytleton. For a long time, the sons have suspected that an improper intimacy existed between their mother and a man of rather bad character living in the neighborhood. On Sunday night the two boys left home, intending to remain away over night, but something occurred which induced them to return sooner than they expected. Upon entering the house they discovered the mother and the suspected man occupying one bed, and maddened by the thought of their disgrace, they fell upon him with a terrible ferocity, beating him so severely that death resulted a short time afterward.

P. S.—We learn that one of the boys is about ten years of age, and the other about fifteen. Shortly after committing the desperate deed, they made their escape, one taking an eastern bound train, and the other coming west. The man was stabbed three times through the heart, and is supposed to have died almost instantly. The boys had frequently warned him to discontinue his visits to the house, threatening to kill him if he did not.